

## Daily Democrat.

TERMS OF THE DAILY DEMOCRAT TO THE COUNTRY.

ONE YEAR.....\$7 00  
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ONE MONTH.....75

## Notice to Mail Subscribers.

Subscribers are supplied with a notice of date their subscription will expire ten days in advance of the time; and again with a second notice on the day the last copy paid for is sent. This will enable all persons to keep the run of their accounts, and to renew in time not to miss an issue of the paper.

Among the recent publications of diplomatic correspondence, we find Mr. Seward's letter to the Captain of the U. S. gunboat Wyoming, who, about a year since, being fired upon by Japan, batteries, made a daring and successful attack, silencing the forts and sinking several vessels. We do not propose to comment on the correspondence, reserving that for some future time, but merely to make it the occasion for a brief review of the different efforts made to open commercial relations with Japan.

The assault was made by the Japanese because of their strong opposition to allowing any intercourse with foreigners, it being against their fixed laws.

It is curious to remark that this exclusive policy was not adopted after Europeans had been allowed to enter into trade with them, the same rule being extended to China. Japan was first revealed to Europe by Marco Polo, towards the close of the thirteenth century, who, having passed into the service of Kublai Khan, the great Chinese Emperor, attempted an expedition against the island. A hundred and fifty years later, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was driven upon the Japanese coast. But it was not through the traveler or the trader that Portugal or Europe was first to gain a foothold and welcome on the inhospitable shores of Japan. That splendid society of priests and scholars who, under the sign of the cross, ruled thrones and academies, and penetrated alike the secret closets of the minister and the sterile exclusiveness of the barbarian, here too, pushing forward with the sustaining hope of elevating the order upon earth, and wearing the immortal crown hereafter, entered where gold had not yet paved the way for the merchant, nor the sword cut a smooth path for the speculator and philosopher. The Jesuits, under Francis Xavier, the "apostle of the Indies," who was himself a missionary to Japan, found welcome and hospitality among the simple, though ceremonious, people. They visited the sick, aided the poor, preached to them in their own language, and from prince to peasant were welcomed and encouraged. It is true that the trader accompanied the missionary, but it was to the exertions of the former that Portugal was indebted for her pre-eminent knowledge and success. It is useless to trace the divisions arising from the introduction of the Franciscan and Dominican orders, the establishment of bishoprics, by which dissensions arose, until one of the bishops refusing to alight from his sedan and bow to a passing nobleman, the latter hurried to the Emperor, and, urging the immutable nature of the Japanese laws, caused the expulsion of the Portuguese. What added to the exasperation was a letter intercepted by the Dutch, long since envious of the Portuguese trade, from a Japanese Christian to the King of Portugal, urging the overthrow of the empire.

What led to the establishment of the Dutch in Japan was the wrecking of a Dutch vessel, with an English pilot, William Adams, on the Japanese coast about the year 1600, who afterwards arose to great favor with the Japanese Emperor. By him the Dutch, who came to Japan in 1609, were favorably received. In 1611, through the same instrumentality, a treaty of commerce was made between England and Japan, which, after lingering in a small, unprofitable trade, was finally abandoned. By 1639 the Portuguese were all expelled from the country; and here the heaviest crime is charged upon the Dutch; that, being called upon, they united to destroy the Japanese Christians. They received no advantage from it, as they were soon exiled to an island near the coast, and forbidden to leave it, and all intercourse with the shore forbidden except in trade. They were, in fact, prisoners on their island, and treated with contempt and ignominy.

In 1678 the English made another effort to renew their commercial relations with Japan, but failed because Charles II. had married a Portuguese Princess. No other attempt was made until 1791, which failed, as did another in 1803, because of the restriction forbidding trade with them on pain of death by disemboweling. In 1813 the English made another effort. Holland having been absorbed by France in the war, Java became an English possession, and from there Sir Stamford Raffles, Lieutenant Governor, issued and sent an order for Doef, the Dutch Commissioner, to turn over his papers and the business to Mr. Waardenar. Unfortunately for this fine scheme, the vessels had come into such position as to be entirely under command of the Japanese, and could be destroyed if it was known they were not Dutch vessels. So, from being threatened, Doef came to threats. He required that the contents of two vessels should be turned over to him as Dutch factor, and that he should be paid the debts of the Holland government for the last five years from the proceeds; further, that 25,000 rix dollars should be placed to his (Doef's) personal credit on the arrival of the English at Batavia—all which was acquiesced in.

In 1818 another attempt was made by Capt. Gordon, of the British navy, but his vessel was surrounded, the rudder taken from it, and all the ammunition. It was at last allowed to depart. Russia made several attempts with the same result.

In 1837 an American merchant vessel, the "Morrison," to return some shipwrecked Japanese, having taken out all her guns, was fired on and driven out of the harbor.

In 1846 an American expedition, under Commodore Biddle, consisting of the 90-gun ship Columbus and the corvette Vin-

connes, landed at Jeddo, and was surrounded by 400 boats, and to the application for commercial intercourse the only reply was, "No trade can be allowed with any foreign nation except Holland."

We can only close this account, intended very briefly to show the jealous exclusiveness of the Japanese government, by referring to the successful expedition sent under Commodore Perry, by which a complete and favorable treaty between our government and Japan was established. After which, treaties were made by Russia, England, and France. The late difficulties arose from a Prince or Governor of a district or state in the Japanese empire refusing to acknowledge the authority of the Emperor and break through the Japanese rule of exclusiveness.

It is wrong to suppose that this rule is not founded upon very good and sufficient reasons, as far as these oriental nations are concerned. The intelligent men of those empires feel that to bring their people into competition with the western nations will prove destructive to them. It is also another significant fact that the presence of a western party, no matter under what pretext, whether as missionaries or merchants, too often is made the occasion for outbreaks, and for selfish advantage they are willing to side with either party, and to provoke and aggravate rebellions. That is the history of the conflict between the eastern and western nations.

If it is considered a matter of surprise that, notwithstanding the bribes and advantages held out for five hundred years to the Japanese, no nation has succeeded in establishing permanent relations with them, the inflexible character of their laws of exclusiveness is to be considered, and the certain punishment of suicide by ripping open the entrails, which follows the violation of a law by any of the officials.

Let us, therefore, be charitable; for if a similar penalty had been exacted in our country for the last few years, it may be doubted if the laws would not have been better observed by our own officers, or today our country might present the singular spectacle of an administration not one member of which had any beliefs.

Gen. Seymour, who was captured by the rebels in the engagement of the Wilderness, is reported by the Richmond Examiner to have made the following speech at Charlottesville:

"Gen. Lee may possibly defeat Gen. Grant and the Federal army; but what of that? I trust that if he defeats him, he may follow up his success by taking Washington and burning it to the ground. And let him not stop there; let him capture and burn that. Then, at last, we shall have a united North, and shall begin to show you what war is."

The Examiner angrily adds: "The truth that he uttered was merely a safe piece of the most vulgar Yankee bragado, violent with all the spite which usually rankles in a mean nature. Yet we have heard Confederate citizens, apparently sane, absolutely compliment the 'pluck' and 'dash' of this miserable's harangue."

"Our people, unhappily, have such a diseased appetite for oratory, are so resolute to have every man 'define his position,' are so easily duped by the show of everything spirited and plucky (in language) that they will even listen to the impudent rant of a despicable being like this. If he cannot fight, he can at least talk. His tongue is sharper than his sword."

"CINCINNATI, May 10.—Samuel Medary, editor of the Columbus Crisis, was arrested at Columbus this morning by a United States Marshal, and has been brought to this city."

The above announcement, coming to us by telegraph, startles, energizes, and arouses the people like the trumpet-call of Liberty!—(Syracuse (N. Y.) Courier.

That's so; though it is a rather peculiar expression to say that arresting a man to imprison him is a "trumpet-call of Liberty."

RETURNED.—A large quantity of grain, consisting of corn and oats, which was last week sent to the Kanawha Valley from Cincinnati, for Government use, was returned on Tuesday, not having passed inspection. This will be a nice little speculation for the contractor, as the freight to and from, and the cost of handling and storing, will not amount to less than fifty cents on a bushel.

The age of "wooden walls" has passed. A vessel of the stoutest oak is no safer than if it had a pasteboard hull. [English Magazine.

Just! A pasteboard hull, with a "deck of cards."

Eighty-six years ago, Voltaire died. He was an eminent metaphysician, chiefly distinguished for disrespect to Christianity and for drinking seventy-eight cups of coffee in one day.

The President has recently pardoned twenty-seven of the Minnesota Indians, who were concerned in the great massacre and confined in the barracks at Rock Island.

A prominent Congressman says he would rather give his head than vote for a certain measure. Sharp fellow, that and offers the least valuable thing about him for a vote.

We suggest to the Congressional Committee on Freedmen a bill to provide the wives of the emancipated slaves a new silk dress, pink slippers, and a love of a bonnet.

Trust to the interpretations of nature; its fields, its forest, &c. [Country Gentleman.

Don't trust to the forests. They "leave out" so much.

The editor of the Columbus Crisis was arrested by a bon vivant, who thought the best thing to keep in a dark cellar was a little old Medary.

The New York Herald calls an Administration meeting the gathering of the ghouls; as if such disconcerts could be gold.

The best friends are made by opposing soldiers in the hot fire of battle, because then there is no coolness between them.

Can one write a hymn to the Union?—Ex.

No; but some one might sing Uncle Sam's.

Dr. Franklin said there never was a good war or a bad peace; but that depends on how large the piece is.

Spring is the season for reforms, when every tree turns over a new leaf.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

## KISSING.

The picnic's all behind us, Kate,  
"Twelve times they longed to kiss, Kate;  
There was a world of bliss in a harmless kiss,  
And no one near to mind us, Kate.

Her sweet face took a redder hue,  
A hasty backward glance she threw;  
She did not speak, but in her cheek  
The crimson tint still richer grew.

Then when she stood with downcast eyes,  
As fast as nymph in maiden guise;  
Just then some evil-disposed young devil  
My lips possessed by some surprise.

And stole a kiss, before I could  
Prevent the same—box, if I would;  
"Why, Barry Drake, how could you take  
Such liberties here in this wood?"

"It's quite too bad, besides, how queer  
That we're alone together here;  
Come, let us go—right well you know  
I'd rather have the others near."

A glance glanced from her bonny eye  
That tempered with the curt reply;  
With gentle haste, about her waist  
My arm crept eagerly but she

"Don't, Barry, dear!" 'twist soft and clear  
But when it thrilled my heart to hear—  
"Oh, Barry, don't!" "No, Kate, I won't!"  
Alas! but yet I did—I kissed.

I kissed her hand, I kissed her brow,  
I kissed her dewy mouth; and now  
With "this for this," as Kiss for Kiss,  
She paid with usury I trow.

Then all her form grew lovelier,  
And closer to my heart she pressed;  
With blushing face, and free embrace,  
She clasped me to her loving breast.

The picnic was behind us, Kate,  
It took them long to find us, Kate;  
We proved what bliss might grow from kiss,  
And none was there to mind us, Kate.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

Mr. Editor: There has lately come into my possession a rare volume—a collection of black letter chronicles of great antiquity—some extracts from which, I think, may interest your readers. The precise age of this work is not known. In regard to the authorship there are various theories; some thinking it the production of a single writer; others maintaining that it bears traces of various hands. To the latter opinion I incline. I was surprised and pleased to find recorded in its pages some incidents of King Arthur's time, which are not to be met with either in the "Morte d'Arthur," "The Age of Chivalry," or "Tennyson's Idylls." They are pleasing pictures of life at his court, and present a phase of Queen Guinevere's character entirely overlooked by the authors of the above works.

I call the attention of your young lady readers specially to the following quotation. I think it well to remind them that there were times when the noblest and fairest did not disdain to give their personal attention to the details of cookery. With regard to the word "stole" in this passage, which seems to render the first stanza somewhat paradoxical, I premise that, in common with "villains" and others of that class, it bore, in those days, another and more innocent meaning than we now attach to it. But here is the extract:

"When good King Arthur rode the land—  
He was a goodly King,  
He stole three peck of barley meal  
To make a bag pudding.

"A bag pudding the King did make,  
And stuffed it well with mince,  
And in it put great lumps of fat  
As big as my two thumbs.

"The King and Queen did eat thereof,  
And sublimed the charge to him;  
And what they did not eat at night,  
The Queen next morning fried."

Of course, if the Queen herself attended to the frying of the remnants, a simple culinary operation, as everybody knows, it is not likely she entrusted to other hands the composition of the pudding, a work requiring cool judgment, artistic skill, and taste. We can imagine her having exchanged her robes of "white samite, mystic, wonderful," for a simple print, the sleeves turned back, displaying her perfect arms; her slender fingers clasping the silver balance in which she carefully weighs the ingredients, and places them in the immense marble bowl, around which stand her less refined, but more robust, hand-maidens, industriously stirring the compound. We can imagine her, her labors brought to a successful close, a little tired, and slightly hungry, seated contentedly in a kitchen chair, making a simple luncheon of bread and honey. She is thus depicted in the following lines, which, for strength and simplicity, I hold to be unsurpassed in the whole range of Anglo-Saxon literature:

"The King was in the parlor  
Counting out his money—  
The Queen was in the kitchen  
Eating bread and honey," &c.

To my mind, a far more pleasing subject for contemplation than Mr. Tennyson's representation of Queen Guinevere riding with Sir Lancelot through the forests of the deer, in that fantastic dress of green and gold. This gifted woman possessed the art of making a bird pie in such a manner that, after the birds were cooked to a delicious brown, they still retained the form of their vocal organs. The secret of this preparation is unfortunately lost. Thus were

"Four-and-twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie;  
When the pie was opened  
The birds began to sing—  
Now we will tell you the reason,  
'Tis so before the King!"

I think it was.  
But I have dwelt sufficiently on this theme. If you wish to examine it for yourself, I will cheerfully lend you the book—indeed, it is at the service of your readers who address a line to

MATEBRANES.

CULTIVATION OF COTTON IN FRANCE.—We translate the following paragraph from the *Moniteur des Brevets d'Invention*:

The trial of the culture of cotton has been made with verticillous success in Camargue, in the lands of the Chateau d'Arignon, the most vast of the domains of the territory of Arles. Among the bolts of cotton gathered some have the long staple and others the short. The essay, made on a small scale and in the open air, has perfectly succeeded. At the end of November the plants were yet covered with a great number of bolls which continued to ripen, though very slowly. They gathered in August, September and October were very well matured.

It will be remembered that the southern boundary of France is further north than the city of New York.

A little four-year-old was recently taken to Greenwood Cemetery by his mother, for his moral instruction, but took it into his head to turn the tables, and he himself the preacher. "Ma," said he, "why don't you die?" "Ma, Charley? what do you ask me for?" "Oh," he replied, "probably remembering her fondness for display, 'if you would just die, we would put the nicest monument over you, and the biggest one that ever was made!'" "What good would that do me, Charley, when I would be dead, to have you put up such a fine monument?" "Oh, well," he answered, "you might catch a glimpse of it when you rise!"

Civil Generals are got to be too civil to the enemy to fight him to much purpose.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

LINES TO A WILD DUCK.

A duck has been immortalized by Bryant—  
A wild one, too,  
Sweetly he hymned the creature blithe and buoyant  
Chattering the blue.

But who says the duck through other dying,  
Seen by the bard,  
Equalled the canvas-back before me lying,  
Tells a cant.

Done to a turn! The flesh a dark carnation,  
The gray rind  
Four slices from the breast; on such a ration  
Gods never fed.

Bryant, go to! To say thy lyric ghost duck,  
Traced on the sky,  
Was worthy to be named with this fine rascal duck,  
Is all my cry.

—Gen. Lee's daughter is living near Bermuda Hundred—visiting a relative.

—There was a fracas at a public house in San Francisco lately, where a kick proved more potent than a pistol. The man who attempted to use the "deadly weapon" had his ears boxed and his body kicked down stairs.

—Prof. Morse, the telegraph inventor, has had six orders of knighthood conferred on him by the various sovereigns of Europe.

—A Chinaman was arrested in San Francisco for striking a negro over the head with an iron bar; he bent the bar but not the skull.

—Punishment should never precede trial.—N. Y. Times.

Then your friend Mr. Lincoln has committed more wrongs than you have columns in your paper, Mr. Times; for he has punished hundreds of citizens not only before trial, but who have never been tried at all.

—Josh Billings says that it is 5 dollars fine in Cincinnati to strike a hog in anger.

PATRIOTISM AND "LOAFER."—Many honest people are having their "brains bothered" by the current use of these terms. It may contribute to their relief to be informed that the one is an affection of the heart, the other of the purse.—[Ex.

—When Gen. Heckman arrived in Richmond he was seized by the prison guards, and his person searched for money and valuables. He remonstrated with his barbers captors at such treatment, when they threatened him with incarceration in the "black hole."

Is GEN. LEE CRIPPLED FOR SUPPLIES?—The correspondent of the New York Times writes from camp at Ny river on Monday, May 16th:

At Fredericksburg I chanced to see two thousand prisoners marching under escort to Belle Plaine. They were a motley crowd, scantily dressed, and uniformed. But I saw nothing in their countenances or in their movements which indicated lack of food in the rebel army. They were as vigorous and healthy in appearance as our own troops. I have made particular inquiries from our soldiers respecting the condition of the rebel prisoners when they were first taken. The result of these inquiries has convinced me that Lee has been able to supply his army with sufficient food.

—A singular institution has just been opened in Fifth avenue, New York, under the title of "The Bankers, Brokers, and Merchants' Club." It is to be a sort of Croquetfield, where dining, wine, and gambling (stock exchange) are to be carried on on the most extravagant scale. A cuisine of first-class character, a fine cellar of wines, dormitories, billiard rooms and private carriages constitute the other agreements. The annual dues are \$100, the admission to the Bourse being extra to those who make use of it. What will the ladies of New York say to this? asks the Herald.

HOPE.—We have read that among some of the South Sea Islanders the compound word for hope is beautifully expressive. It is "mananana," or the "swimming thought," faith floating and keeping its head above water, when all the waves and billows are gorging over a strikingly beautiful definition of hope.

CONCERNING POE.—"The said Poe indulged in wine, and critics had tried to show it; To contradict the charge he said: 'A little too much was the fate.'"

—In the heart of the city of London there is a church where, to this day, in pursuance of some bequest, on Easter Tuesday the rector preaches what is called the "Flower Sermon," which is always about flowers, and the people who come to hear it bring bouquets of flowers in their hands.

—It is proposed to erect a suspension bridge over the straits of Messina to unite Sicily with the main land. The chains are to be of cast steel, and strong enough to support several railway trains.

—France contains 12,000,000 acres of natural meadow land, 6,000,000 of artificial meadow and 10,500,000 acres of pastureland.

—The stock of sugar in the British warehouses has been increasing for the last three years, and is greater now than ever before.

—On the 10th of March of the present year the British cotton market indicated a deficiency of 100,000 bales compared with 1863, of 17,341 bales; deficiency of stock on hand, 133,447 bales. At the present rate of consumption there is not enough on hand for two months to come.

—A French physician recommends exercise of turpentine as a specific for nervous headache and hemiparesis, even when accompanied with vertigo, which females are especially subject to.

—It is confidently anticipated that at no remote period photography will be so far advanced as to be able to give to the eye the various colors of the objects it represents. The colors of the spectrum have been produced on silver plates immersed in a solution of chlorine, but the effect is transitory. Fixation is now the great object of which many eminent operators are in search.

—Paris is to have an additional supply of pure water from the river Duise. The supply reservoir is to be of the area of twenty acres.

—Green peas, raised in Virginia, have been selling in Baltimore for \$1 per peck, and strawberries, quite small, have brought \$1 per quart. In two or three weeks it is expected that their markets will be supplied from the prolific gardens near the city.

—In Lowell, Mass., there is an apple tree which never blossoms, and yet is loaded every year with fruit. Grains from it

The seeds are frequently partially or wholly exposed to view at the outside of the "blossom" end of the fruit, while the center of the fruit is as compact as that of a turnip.

—Mr. Antrobus, the Chicago artist who was commissioned by Congress to prepare the design for the four thousand dollar gold medal to be presented to Gen. Grant, is in Philadelphia, superintending the construction of the medal at the mint.

—Not for the world, said the other frankly.

"No, I," thought I, but it was bed time.

"Jane," said the landlord, "are the lights ready?"

"No, Mr. Westcott," replied his better half, "they're in the usual place."

Now, "the usual place" was in a dark,

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

## LINES TO L.

BY HENRY TUCKER.

My heart was cheerful, very cheerful,  
When you, like an angel, came  
With your glance so gay and fearless,  
To revive hope's dying flame.

I loved on, in doubt and sorrow,  
Thinking not your love to gain;  
While despair's remorseless arrow  
Filled my breast with ceaseless pain.

You loved, and you told me  
That your heart was mine alone;  
To your breast you now could fold me,  
Knowing I was all your own.

I am happy now as ever  
Are the merry birds of spring;  
Naught our hearts henceforth can sever—  
Ne'er will I doubt your young love's wing.

JEFFERSON HOSPITAL, Jeffersonville, June, 1864.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

HOW I SAW A GHOST.

As introductory to this very true story I am about to relate, I will say that it took place at a country tavern of rather respectable dimensions, conducted in the old style, at which I chanced, many years ago, to meet the company who will presently be introduced to speak for themselves. The tavern-keeper was Mr. Westcott, a genial, jovial landlord enough, without any of the show of the hotel keeper, and, withal, somewhat shiftless. Though it has little to do with the present story, I have noticed him mainly because his stout form, with a gray and blue cross-barred waistcoat, supported upon deer antlers, hung a long Kentucky rifle. It might be the veritable weapon of Westcott's respected "granddad." My companion "kinder thought it was" from the brass mount on the breach. He'd heard old Westcott's described that way."

For, perhaps, an hour I lay awake, with my face turned to the wall. There were strange thoughts busy in my brain. I slept in, perhaps, the only log house still inhabited, around which in former times the warwhoop had sounded. Over the ground, now silvered with the clear light of a winter moon, the early pioneers had trodden. Even in this chamber one of them had watched through many a tedious night, dreading the warwhoop from without. Perhaps he had looked forth from this very window, and leveled yon long rifle at the dusky forms of the Indians. It was almost certainly the case. Many and many a time he had sat on the stoop below, and thought of other evenings, so like to them, in his old Carolina home. In this very room he died—died from a wound not received from his enemies, the Indians, but from a fellow-pioneer in a wild Western brawl. Through the hall and up the narrow stair-case, made of solid logs, are the blood-stains that oozed from the gash and fell upon the oak that still retains them. Half frightened by the thought, to assure myself, I turned to view the interior of the room.

At the glance I saw, or fancied I saw, a white object moving on one side of the room. I confess it, and I consider it showed great presence of mind, I drew my head under the bed-clothes. At the moment my bed-fellow nudged me.

"Did you see that?" he asked in a quivering whisper.

It is needless to say I knew my part too well to answer. I was very sound asleep. Once or twice he ventured to arouse me, but it was beyond his power. Presently he half raised in the bed, and on his laying down I could feel him shuddering with horror.

For, perhaps, thirty minutes I kept perfectly motionless, in which time I partly recovered my courage, and, half-suffocated, I drew out my head and looked around. On my side of the bed I saw nothing. Raising upright, I looked towards the foot, and as I did so, a tall spectral figure, all in white, as if wearing the shroud of death, rose out of the floor. Overcome with terror, I screamed at the top of my voice. As if in mockery the ghostly visitor echoed and re-echoed my yell, raising its white shadowy arms upward. I repeated my shouts again and again, until the frightened inmates of the tavern burst into the room and revealed to my startled vision the figure of George, at the foot of the bed, seated, nearly out of his wits at his taking me for a ghost, as I had him. He had got out of bed to see if he had seen a ghost.

And that was how I came to see a ghost.

In a copy of the New England Weekly Journal, published in Boston, April 8th, 1728, there appear the following notices:

"A very likely negro woman who can do household work, and is fit for town or country service, about 22 years of age, to be sold. Inquire of the Printer hereof."

"A very likely negro girl, about 13 or 14 years of age, speaks good English, has been in the country some years, to be sold. Inquire of the Printer hereof."

We desire to make a single inquiry in regard to these rather suggestive advertisements. We are told now, and are not disposed to doubt the fact in the least, that slavery is in direct violation of the spirit and letter of the Bible. The Scriptures exalted one hundred and fifty years ago, and men and women were bought and sold in New England at that time.

What, then, must be the condition of our forefathers in the other world to-day—saved or damned?

Being simply desirous of information, we request an answer.—[Alton Democrat.

Thus is LIFE.—If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly and the birds sing as sweetly as to-morrow. Business will not be suspended for a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought to our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their pleasure or to their work. But no one will miss us, except our immediate connections; and even in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them.

Thus shall we all, now in active life, pass away, and their children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years, not a living being can say, I remember him. We live in another age, and did business with those who have long since slumbered in the tomb. This is life. How rapidly it passes! O, blessed are they who are held in everlasting remembrance!

"I would," said Mrs. Westcott, "wouldn't you, Sally?"

"Not for the world," said the other frankly.

"Nor I," thought I, but it was bed time.

"Jane," said the landlord, "are the lights ready?"

"No, Mr. Westcott," replied his better half, "they're in the usual place."

Now, "the usual place" was in a dark,

lumber-strewn, unoccupied room in the other end of the house, and perhaps Mr. Westcott, to use his favorite expression, "ud ruther not."

"Taint so late, nuther," said he; "spos'n we have another story."

"Spos'n you git me a candle," said a gruff voice from the corner.

That was a settler; so the landlord, hesitatingly, took the only light we had, and left us half shadows in the sombre light of the expiring wood-fire. The time during his absence was enlivened by similar anecdotes, that seemed to deepen the gloomy gloom.

George told something about a man "that died once," who had committed a murder years before. At his deathbed the specter of his victim stood with the "bloody butcher-knife," with which the crime was committed.

Every body remembered one and gave it with a horrible zest, as an additional night-cap. In time Mr. Westcott returned, and we dispersed for bed.

It was my fortune to be roomed and bedded with Mr. George, and he cheered me, while we were undressing, by stating that "he didn't believe a cussed word about Westcott's granddad haunting our bed-chamber."

I looked around me. The room was not plastered, though the howed logs had been white-washed, and every means taken in an humble way to make it neat and comfortable. Over the empty fire-place, supported upon deer antlers, hung a long Kentucky rifle. It might be the veritable weapon of Westcott's respected "granddad." My companion "kinder thought it was" from the brass mount on the breach. He'd heard old Westcott's described that way."

For, perhaps, an hour I lay awake, with my face turned to the wall. There were strange thoughts busy in my brain. I slept in, perhaps, the only log house still inhabited, around which in former times the warwhoop had











THE SPECULATOR.  
A TALE OF MAMMON WORSHIP.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

Here is a song to the Secretary of the Southern Treasury, that only wants the name changed to be a very appropriate poem to Mr. Conway.

Chorus:

FIE, MEMMINGER!

You have been out of door,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

And we shall write for you no more,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

Ah! in your heart so cold and free,

You fling hard words to our ears,

You fling hard words to our ears,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

No more shall we to Grace street trip,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

No more our shares the notes shall clip,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

No more our pens their ink will drip,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

Upon your ugly sheets of scrip,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

May Wiffel get you in the hip!

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

What you have told us well we know,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

Yet we may say to you no more,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

What, such a cruel and cruel word,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

And turn our backs upon the foe!

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

We'll see you first in Jericho,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

Who reads but you a Yankee scrip?

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

We are not in the Southern line,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

Nor shall we fly to you for aid,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

While hairpins fasten on our heads,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

Of Southern widow, wife or maid,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

No, no, we'll be a Yankee scrip!

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

And can a kind of dandy cheer,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

We can't be caught and not be hum,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

All away till blunderbuss come,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

We know that we must scrip and screw,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

And make our wits and wits and wits,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

We'll bring down our meale to one from two—

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

All rather than give to you,

Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

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Memminger! Fie, Memminger!

Bowed, haggard, panic-stricken, utterly

unable longer to conceal—practiced, as he

became in dissimulation, a brilliant

concealer of his feelings, he had been

driven to the very verge of despair, and

the silence and concealment of his counte-

nance, which he had so long maintained,

"Ruin—ruin!" he had been driven to

utter, and he had been driven to utter

it, and he had been driven to utter it,

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